

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 10 to 12
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,478.

OUR NEW YEAR'S DEPOSIT.

To-day we open a new account in the bank of time. There are 366 days, or 8,784 hours, or 527,040 minutes, for us to draw checks upon at our pleasure. Of this deposit nearly half is mortgaged in advance for sleeping and eating. For most of us, half of the remainder must be devoted to earning a living. At most, we may expect to have 150,000 minutes at our free disposal.

If a man had \$150,000 in the bank, and he should "burn it up" in twenty, fifty and hundred dollar rolls, he would be called a spendthrift. Yet he would be doing only what most of us did with our infinitely more precious time last year and will do again this year. And there is no possibility of spending the interest on time and saving the principal. Well or ill, it is always our capital that we are laying out, and every hour we spend leaves us that much less in the bank.

A good deal can be done with a capital of 150,000 minutes. If we gave 50,000 of them to amusement, which would certainly be considered a liberal proportion if we were dealing with money, we should have 100,000 left for serious use. In that time we could comfortably read 50,000 pages of good literature, or say 100 volumes. There are some persons in smart society who have never read that many good books in their lives.

In half of 100,000 minutes one could get a fair working acquaintance with a modern language. In the other half he could gain a real knowledge of some subject of interest—some science or art, or some phase of international politics, or the history of some country, preferably his own. And this would be a new pleasure, for most people have never felt the joy of really knowing anything outside of their daily business—they are simply on casual bowing terms with the great facts of life.

There are other things, still better, to be done with part of our deposit of time. Most of us are usually in too much of a hurry to help others. We mean well—we amiably hope that the poor devil with his hard-luck story will land on his feet somehow—but we have to catch a train or be late for dinner. But if the question were one of money would it not seem peculiar to toss \$30 to a well-to-do acquaintance and say that we had nothing to spare for a man in desperate need? Yet that is just what we do when we give thirty of our precious minutes to a prosy gossip and have none left for a case of real distress.

Our ideals may be high or low. An aim that would be natural in one might be artificial and priggish in another. The course of reading that one found a delight another would find a bore. But why can we not all agree upon this working New Year's resolution: "I will not waste time?"

What we will do with the time is another matter. That is where the individual taste and training come in. We may not care to use it for anything but amusement, just as the man with \$150,000 may spend it all on yachts and automobiles. But at least let us have our end, whatever it may be, clearly in view, and turn our minutes toward its attainment—not scatter them heedlessly along the street like a boy leaking pennies from a hole in his pocket.

SHALL IT BE REPEATED?

The cause of the Chicago tragedy are now perfectly clear, and it ought to be easy to apportion the responsibility and see what assurance we can have against another such disaster somewhere else—in New York, for instance.

1. An electric light improperly placed or improperly managed, or both, set fire to some draperies. We do not know that lights are not in similar positions in every theatre in New York, and nobody can guarantee the competence of every stage hand.

2. Some chemical extinguishers proved worthless. So they may anywhere.

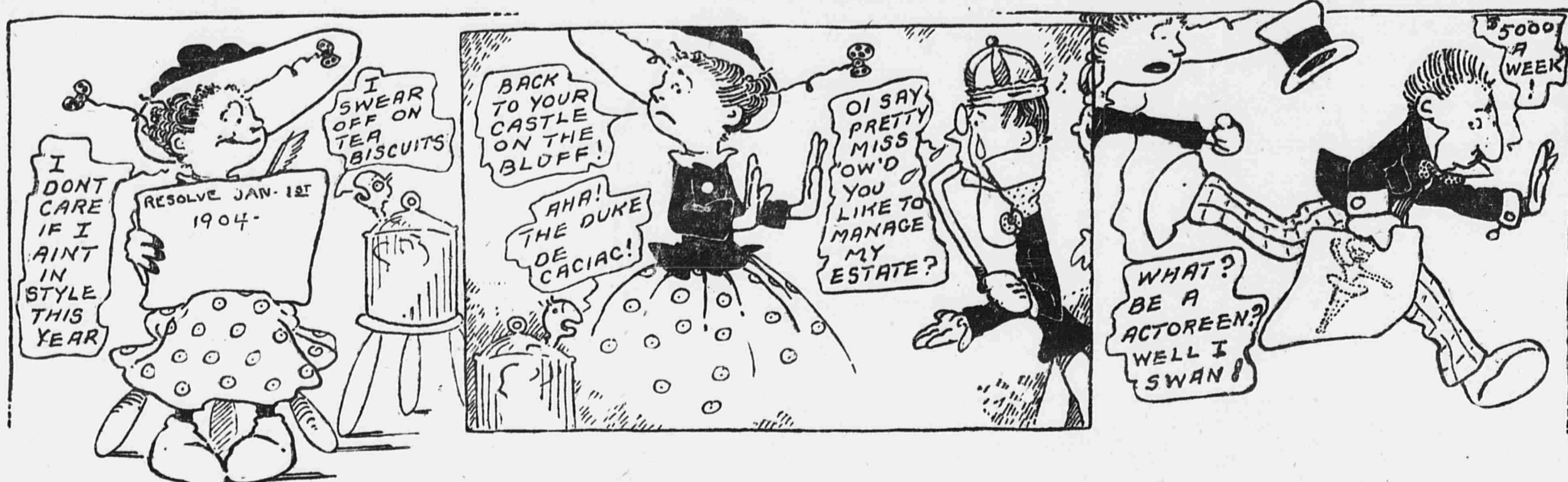
3. The asbestos curtain failed to work. The New York managers say that such a failure would be impossible here, but the installation of this curtain in Chicago was designed by a skilled architect in the light of the best experience, and presumably it embodied the latest improvements. We should not feel confident in saying that the mechanical arrangements in a New York theatre ten years old were necessarily better than those in a costly Chicago theatre a month old.

4. Some of the iron exit doors were fastened shut—locked, rusty or frozen. It does not seem at all probable that such a thing could happen in New York, but we never know the limits of human negligence until they have been tested.

5. We come back, then, to what The Evening World named yesterday as the prime cause of all—the accumulation of tinder upon the stage. Without that the defective light and the shoddy extinguishers and the stuck curtain and the locked exits would not have caused a disaster in Chicago; with it there may be a similar catastrophe any day in New York. As long as theatres are allowed to use scenery as inflammable as gunpowder all their pretensions to fireproof construction are a mockery. The architect of the Froquais appreciates this at last, and now declares that he will never allow another bit of wood to be used in a theatre of his design.

There is no reason why there should be a single inflammable article in a theatre except the clothes of the audience. Everything else can be made either fireproof or so nearly so that it will do nothing more than smolder under any provocation. And it is only when the use of such material is enforced that the frightful possibilities latent in human carelessness will be eliminated.

SASSY SUE-By the Creator of "Sunny Jim" She Makes New Year's Resolutions



"This New Year I resolve," said Sue. "To cure all city folks that's blue!"

"Also resolve I won't engage Myself to dukes, though that's the rage."

"Also resolve I jes' won't go An' act in some old theatre show!"

MINNY MAUD HANFF.

Now Girls, book Before You Leap Year.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

It is here, the long looked for leap year, the blessed period of time when the maiden, no longer coy, may take the dictatorial editor by the hand and endow the questionable privilege of proposing to a man, would profit by it, for a man who if he really wants to marry a girl waits for her to ask him, or who not wanting her accepts her leap year proposal from sheer inability to decline it gracefully, is not worth having.

It would really be interesting to discover just what number of set proposals of marriage actually occur. But unfortunately most men are given to exasperating reticence on the subject of the serious sentimental episode of their lives and most women to a still more misleading volatility.

Many a woman has been proposed to on a Broadway trolley or a Hoboken ferryboat who in describing the incident to her few dozen dearest friends makes any metamorphoses dreamed of or told by Ovid seem like an ultra-conservative newspaper account of a meeting of women's clubs, by changing the trolley into a conservatory just off the ballroom, or the ferry into a wooded grove, and the man's stammered, commonplace offer of marriage into an unpassioned declaration that even a Walter Scott hero would have had to lie awake half the night before to make up.

Yet if a man would talk instead of saying that he "can't remember" or it "just happened" or he "really only wished he knew," it would be discovered that the average woman needs no leap year to make known her sentiments, or that she is such a poor mathematician that every year in the calendar seems to her to be divisible by four.

She doesn't propose in so many words perhaps. But then very few men do that, nowadays. For they have the concealed person's horror of being refused, and having made it manifest that their intentions are serious, calmly wait for the girl to give some sign that they are likewise acceptable.

What the sign is depends largely on the man and the girl. But a woman who is in love with a man and cannot bring him to the marrying point—which is often a very moderate temperature, even though it is not recorded in the Fahrenheit or Centigrade systems, without a direct proposal—is a failure.

Whom the average man marries is wholly a matter of accident. There is a tide in the love affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to matrimony.

And it is the woman who recognizes this fact and who happens to be uppermost in his thoughts at the moment the mood matrimonial hits him that he marries.

It is easy enough to be this woman, who is not always the one he loves or has loved best, if you want to be. But in leap year or out of it proposing to him is unwise because unnecessary.

RETURN OF THE ASS.

Van Quik—I heard you had concluded to live in England altogether, Mr. Chumpsey. Chumpsey—Chumpsey—Aw, that was—aw—me intention, don't ye know? But awfiah me visit in Lunnion, I find that we're evah so much maw English in America.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring, bells, from every lofty height! An infant fair is born to-night! Ring far and wide, ring full and clear.

To welcome in the glad New Year.

"The King is dead; long live the King!"

They said of old, and so we sing. The Old Year's gone to his repose. There let him rest beneath the snows.

New day, new life, whose noble deed Will all our sinful years succeed. A life of action, great and strong. To cancel all we've done of wrong.

Ring, joyous bells!

—Violet Fuller in the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Important Mr. Pewee, the Great Little Man.

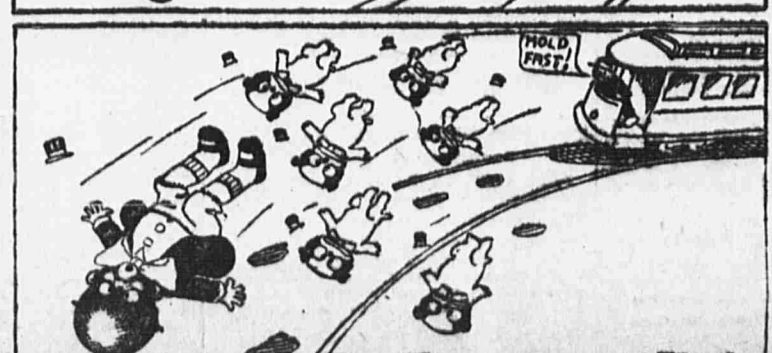
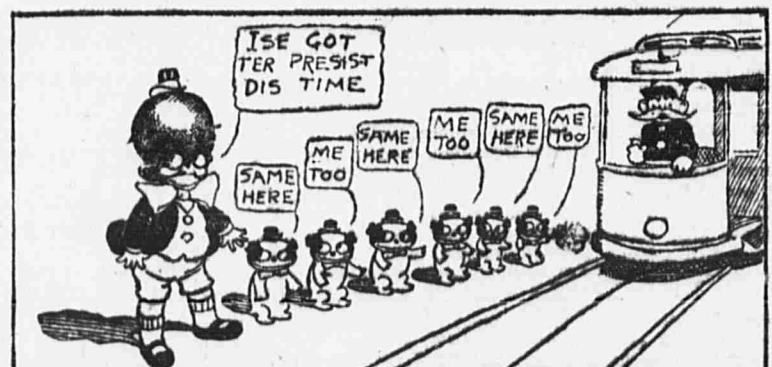
Fearing Leap-Year Possibilities, He Adopts a Disguise to Thwart the Girls.

Design Copyrighted, 1903, by the Press Publishing Company (The New York World).



LITTLE DIXIE The Coon Kid

He Swears Off, Like Some Others, and Falls Off.



The Man Higher Up

The Throwing of Greene's Last Bouquet.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Commissioner Greene threw a fine large bouquet at Inspector McClusky the last thing before he did his getaway from Mulberry street."

"He didn't keep the force dodging bouquets while he was the main squeeze," replied the Man Higher Up. "For the last year nearly every man in uniform has been going around with his arm sheltering his visage like a kid passing a bonfire. He saved his bouquet until it was his cue to get cold feet, and when he threw it the flowers were wilted."

"Did you notice that he gave McClusky and his bulls the credit for finding out who put that humble countryman of Christopher Columbus among the deceased and stowed his corpse away in a barrel which they threw out of a wagon over on the east side? The Commissioner says to McClusky: 'In the so-called barrel murder your energy and skill in apprehending the murderers have justly obtained for you the approval and commendation of citizens of New York.'"

"That shows what close tab the Commissioner kept on the work of the Detective Bureau. When that barrel mystery came to light the Central Office was in a hole so deep that you couldn't hear the sleuths breathe. They were up against it so hard that they were canvassing the cooper shops in Williamsburg to see if they could find out who made the barrel."

"Just when it looked as though the barrel crime was going to be another green trunk mystery United States Secret Service agents butted in and solved the whole goshawk. They didn't hog it either. They went to McClusky, put him up to where he could get the slayers and then stepped back to the rear row. With the murderers thrown at them McClusky's men did a grandstand finish, but if it hadn't been that the Secret Service men were working on a case that put them wise to the murder the Central Office would be up against the barrel mystery yet."

"And you couldn't blame them much at that. Unless there is a squealer it is practically impossible to land a murderer in the Italian colony. Those people are getting wiser every day they stay here, and pulling information about a crime out of them is like trying to get Wall street to say kind words about Roosevelt."

"As for solving the Ripper mystery, it was like reading an electric sign. There were half a dozen newspaper reporters in Bridgeport half an hour after Detective McCafferty got the clue, and he had a start of twelve hours or more on them."

"It was also of the Commissioner to hand out compliments on the occasion of his finish, anyhow," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"Why?" asked the Man Higher Up. "Why should a public servant be patting on the back for doing what the taxpayers pay him to do?"

The Tamest Birds.

Naturalists commissioned by the United States Government have discovered on the distant island of Laysan, in the Pacific, some new birds and many novel facts in regard to known species. The visiting scientists were perhaps the first human beings whom the myriads of birds that crowd this tiny speck of land had ever seen. In consequence, birds representing species which in other lands wing hurriedly away at the sight of man came up to the naturalists, looked curiously into their faces, perched on their writing tables, vied derisively inspected the tripods and other accessories of the cameras and permitted themselves to be stroked. The fact that these birds are ordinarily regarded as the wildest species made a profound impression on the visiting scientists.

The New Year.

FAREWELL, farewell, old Father Time! Thy work's well done in ev'ry clime. Thou hast thy faults; but this great earth Is better now than at thy birth. Upon thy couch, with shattered health, And tresses white, amid thy wealth, Thou hast, waiting patiently, Until, to take thy charge from thee, The New Year comes—the young New Year! Oh, welcome, welcome! He is here! 'Tis he, the merry, noble youth Of right and honesty and truth. See, in his small rose-tinted hands Are resolutions—countermans. For he has watched the Old Year's life, And seeks to profit by the strife. God grant that he may keep them all Whatever to him may befall!

RALPH WARREN